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R H A P S O D Y

OCCASIONED BY A

Late extraordinary Decision.

AND INSCRIBED TO

Sir W A T K I N L E W E S.

The KNAVE OF DIAMONDS tries his wily Arts,
And *beats*—Oh! shameful Chance, the KING OF HEARTS.
POPE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

The Complaint of S A B R I N A.

By J. G R E E N W O O D.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ALMON, in PICCADILLY; J. TAYLOR, (No. 306) near CHANCERY-LANE, HOLBORN; and J. WILLIAMS, (No. 39) FLEET-STREET.

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BY J O H N W O O D.



Printed for J. ALMON, in Pall Mall, by J. TAYLOR, (No. 20, York-Street).
Lamb, Hollis; and J. W. L. (No. 20) Street-Street.

A

R H A P S O D Y.

HENCE, abject *Slaves!* let venal fools deride,
Mine be the honest, tho' the losing side:
Unlike the worthless Crew, the truly good
Come from the field victorious, tho' subdu'd
Once more, my Muse, some plaintive verse inspire, 5
Then hang neglected by my useless lyre.

SPRING, in green robes array'd, and crown'd with flow'rs,
Came with unusual speed, and trimm'd her bow'rs,
Hopeful, ere long, in festal dance to see,
Leading the jocund hours, Sweet LIBERTY: 10

B

Warbled

Warbled the woodland choir, and gentle gales
 Bore the wild music down the lift'ning vales :
 But since the bashful morn, reluctant, rose,
 And blush'd in shame, for thy victorious foes,
 Back to more friendly climes the swallows fly, 15
 And rigorous Winter reassumes the sky :
 Loud thro' the groaning woods the tempests roar,
 And angry Jove sends many an icy show'r*.

FROM the sad day, when those strange tidings came,
 All things seem conscious of † VIGORNIA'S Shame ; 20
 Swift, o'er the hateful spot, the breezes fly ;
 ‡ SABRINA, murm'ring, steals unwilling by ;
 In deeper fables clad, comes mournful night,
 And the pale moon grows paler at the sight ;
 Toads croak, and serpents hiss, and mastiffs howl, 25
 Whilst issuing from yon wood the staring owl,

* These Lines were written a day or two after the news of the decision arrived at WORCESTER, when the weather grew suddenly cold, attended with high winds, and frequent hail storms.

† WORCESTER.

‡ River SEVERN.

Borne

Borne on broad pinions round the Venal Place,
Hoots, in derision of the shameless race.

I SEE pleas'd Slav'ry, with exulting smiles,
Mark in her hateful Lift the QUEEN OF ISLES, 30
Whilst her Foul Champions 'gainst the Just succeed,
And Venal Senators approve the deed.
FREEDOM with sighs resigns her fair domain,
The exil'd virtues following in her train.
Slow to the coast th' Unwilling Band descends, 35
And lost BRITANNIA'S Muse her nurse attends ;
Hush'd is her voice divine, suppress'd her strains,
Fearful of prisons, penalties, and pains.
Oh ! stay, sweet mistress of the tuneful lyre ;
Touch, ere we part, my zealous lips with fire ; 40
So shall my song the odious truth display,
And Guilt confounded listen to the lay.

ERE the sad Fair can take her last adieu,
Rash tittering forward the victorious crew :
Borne by the servile herd CORRUPTION comes ; 45
Sound---found your trumpets, Slaves, and beat your drums :
Her

Her to receive, the Venal Tribes advance,
 And Punch, from Shaftsbury, leads the drunken dance :
 Some sun-burnt vet'ran, from the eastern shore
 Steps forth, and hails the crowd-feducing pow'r : 70
 ' In thy imperial service fixt, and true,
 ' Still may'st thou count, secure, our Nabob Crew.
 ' Why rul'd fell AV'RICE, INDIA's sad domains ?
 ' Why mourns BENGAL her desolated plains ?
 ' For thee great Queen, the sultry clime we bore, 55
 ' On distant GANGES' blood-polluted shore.
 ' Borne by the East-Wind thence, our Locust Band,
 ' Joyful return'd to this devoted land,
 ' Where honour's sacred tree its boughs display'd,
 ' And free-born men sat smiling in the shade. 60
 ' Thy voice commanded, and the living flood
 ' Tore the green foilage from the groaning wood.
 ' Still, when thou call'st us, ready, we devour
 ' In VIRTUE's garden ev'ry rising flower ;
 ' And soon, CORRUPTION, if thy rage proceeds, 65
 ' Nought will remain at last but noxious *Weeds*.

CORRUPTION

CORRUPTION reigns, and through the subject land
 VICE rides, triumphant, at her high command.
 Already JUSTICE (not the heav'nly dame,
 But that false phantom, England's scourge and shame) 70
 If some vile Minister his mandate sends,
 Pliant as wax, a courtly *Traitress*, bends:
 Laments how factious minds revolt, of late,
 When needful BRIBERY oils the wheels of state;
 Tears, scornful, from her eyes the holy veil,
 And turns her Balance to an huckster's scale;
 Shakes off weak reason, and becomes, I ween,
 A fly, slow, plodding, partial, peevish queen.

ENVIOUS of pleasures past, those days I view,
 When all was wonderful, and all was new; 80
 Ere her sad light experienc'd reason gave,
 And blush'd to tell me, I was born a Slave;
 When, Fancy led, on rapid * DARWENT's shore,
 Well pleas'd, I listen'd to the torrent's roar.

* In Derbyshire.

The waving woods that crown'd th' aspiring hill; 85
 The foaming stream that murmur'd from the mill;
 The flowery meads which whispering reeds surround,
 Where sportful flocks frisk o'er the enamell'd ground;
 The village bosom'd in the tufted vale;
 And screen'd by mountains from the stormy gale; 90
 The distant hills which rob'd in mist arise,
 Around whose airy cliffs the Falcon flies;
 These struck my infant mind, and oft I stray'd,
 With pensive rapture through the woodland shade:
 Once, overcome with heat, and tir'd with play, 95
 Slumb'ring in beechen shades, supine, I lay,
 Screen'd from the noon-day sun's intemp'rate ray.
 Was it a vulgar dream? or did some power
 Send the strange Vision of my future hour?
 Around my mossy couch, the fairy race
 Rush'd in bright swarms, and gaz'd upon my face;
 With flow'ry wreaths my waving locks they crown'd,
 And sprinkled dew-drops, as they danc'd around:

But

But sad TITANIA sigh'd, and shook her head ;
 Stopt the gay dance, and thus prophetic said : 105

‘ SLEEP on sweet boy, let peace possess thy breast,
 ‘ Dear to our sacred race, enjoy thy rest ;
 ‘ Enough of sorrow shortly shalt thou share,
 ‘ Too early usher'd to a WORLD of care ;
 ‘ Ev'n in Life's smiling morn dark clouds arise, 110
 ‘ And treach'rous Fortune from the childhood flies ;
 ‘ Yet, thro' the maze of science shalt thou stray,
 ‘ Eager for Truth, untaught to find the way.
 ‘ When warm in hopes, maturer youth appears,
 ‘ Still tend thy footsteps to the vale of tears ; 115
 ‘ Condemn'd, whole years, with fruitless grief to mourn
 ‘ Poor FREEDOM exil'd, never to return.
 ‘ One friendly BOON my fairy pow'r can give ;
 ‘ Happy alone in FANCY shalt thou live ;
 ‘ All things in FLATTERY'S MIRROR thou shalt see, 120
 ‘ And dream of FREEDOM, tho' no longer free :
 ‘ O'er each new grief, new hopes shall still prevail,
 ‘ And thy whole life be one long fairy tale.'

NOR false the VISION ; thro' life's changeful scene,
Constant and kind, attends the fairy QUEEN. 125

Ev'n now with sickness and with cares oppress'd,
While life's pale lamp gleams faintly in my breast,
Still busy Fancy forms ærial schemes,
Visions of future joy, and noon-day dreams

Of Rising FREEDOM on some distant strand, 130
And a new BRITAIN in the Western land.

There fresh SABRINA's limpid shall be roll'd,
And new VIGORNIAS rise, unstain'd with gold ;
Full many a fane true piety shall rear,
And Science flourish when forgotten here. 135

Thither if tyrant power the maid pursue,
Send, God of nations ! send the Vengeance due ;
In that brave struggle may the Just succeed,
And FREEDOM triumph, tho' BRITANNIA bleed.

What is my Country ? is it ALBION's shore, 140
On whose white rocks the subject billows roar ?
Is it her hills with various verdure crown'd ?
Her plains for plenty, and for arms renown'd,

To

To whose proud throne unwilling Europe bends?
 No---'tis the land of FREEDOM, and her FRIENDS, 145
 Whether by tyrant Vice expell'd, she go
 To wild Oswego's woods, or Zembla's snow.
 Thee, flying FREEDOM, ceaseless I deplore,
 A mournful Exile on my native shore.

FROM these wild thoughts I struggle to get free, 150
 And my sick heart returns with joy to thee.
 Fame, Freedom, Truth some grateful verse demand,
 Then take the tribute of my artless hand.
 Mean tho' they are, no flatt'ry stains my lays;
 To virtue sacred be the voice of praise.

LONG, crown'd with Glory, gen'rous LEWES live,
 Thy wond'ring country's plaudits to receive.
 Each rising Year, when winter leaves the land,
 And the mild Zephyrs bring the season bland,
 All FREEDOM's genuine sons shall pluck for thee 160
 The first green honours of BRITANNIA's tree,

D

And,

And, for her rights maintain'd, each grateful town,
With annual duty send the CIVIC CROWN.

And when at last you die, (since die you must,
And weeping realms resign you to the dust) 165

Grav'd on your tomb, some verse sincere shall say,

' Stop, Trav'ler, this hallow'd spot survey ;

' This holy soil from violation save ;

' Here LEWES lies, the honest and the brave.

' In impious days, expell'd by wealth's command, 170

' Poor FREEDOM wander'd, friendless, thro' the land ;

' Touch'd with her sorrows gen'rous LEWES rose,

' Sworn to defend her 'gainst an host of foes.

' Cease---Sons of virtue---cease the Vain Endeavour,

' LEWES was conquer'd---FREEDOM fled for ever.' 175

OF to that spot the weeping Maids shall come,
And trim the LAURELS that o'ershade thy tomb,

And while some hoary Sire repeats the tale,

Ask, all amaz'd, ' and could the Hero fail ?

' With no vague hope the contest he defy'd ; 180

' TRUTH, JUSTICE, LAW, join'd battle on his side.

' Yes !

[11]

- Yes! LEWES fail'd, the sorrowing Sage shall say,
- And SLAV'RY wonder'd how she gain'd the day.
- Hell, jealous hell, the unequal fight survey'd,
- And sent Foul Perjury to her favourite's aid.

The END.

[12]

Yes! LEWIS said, the following day.

And Sawyer wondered how the girl's

fell, for he had seen her in the

and that had been the first time

the girl had been seen since

the day she had been seen

the day she had been seen

the day she had been seen

the day she had been seen

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THE COMPLAINT OF

* S A B R I N A.

Written immediately after the ELECTION, 1774.

WHILE, borne in impious pomp, and proud array,
 The Indian † Spoilers thro' ‡ VIGORNIA rode,
 And Slav'ry's Legions swell'd th' exulting lay,
 Heedless of laws, forgetful of their GOD.

* The Nymph, or Goddess of the SEVERN.

† R—s and W—H.

‡ WORCESTER.

(‘ Vain pomp! and triumph soon to pass away!

‘ For suff’ring numbers of the venal tribe,

‘ If laws * avail, shall rue the guilty day,

‘ When each detested hand receiv’d a BRIBE.’)

Rous’d by the tumult, from her oozy bed,

‘Midst circling waves arose SABRINA fair,

She shook the turrets on her sacred head,

And the loose tresses of her sea-green Hair.

Full on the guilty scene her eyes she cast,

Which witness’d grief with indignation join’d,

Wept to the stream, and sigh’d to every blast,

While murm’ring sad reply’d the pitying wind.

‘ Ah! what avails it, that in days of yore,

‘ When Britain’s sons were Incorrupt and Free,

‘ Rich plenty sported on my flow’ry shore,

‘ Join’d with the mountain-nymph sweet Liberty.

* See the determination of the WORCESTER committee—heu!—heu! *hinc illæ lachrymæ*.

‘ Prosp’rous

‘ Prosp’rous alike in empire, and in trade,
 ‘ While scorning Slav’ry pass’d their jocund hours;
 ‘ Well pleas’d my liquid bosom I display’d,
 ‘ Proud to reflect VIGORNIA’s lofty tow’rs.

‘ There many a gallant chief, in times of old,
 ‘ Frowning in arms, upon my margin stood,
 ‘ In Freedom’s cause full many a Baron bold,
 ‘ Victim of glory, stain’d my stream with blood.

‘ Again stern * WARWICK rises to my view.
 ‘ Around his valiant Knights triumphant stand;
 ‘ Before the hero shrinks the favourite crew,
 ‘ And banish’d Justice reassumes the land.

‘ Oh! shall their worthless sons unblushing yield
 ‘ Seduc’d by foul Corruption’s glittering store)
 ‘ The sacred prize of many a well-fought field?
 ‘ Flow fast my stream, and fly the guilty shore.

* GUY DE BEAUCHAMP, Earl of *Warwick*, and Constable of *Worcester*, in the Reign of EDWARD the Second.

‘ What

- ‘ What scenes arise where’er my currents wind,
 - ‘ See CL--VE at Salop leads the venal train,
 - ‘ R---s,----W---SH, in golden links Vigornia bind,
 - ‘ And Glo’ster drags inhuman * S--LW--N’s chain.
-
- ‘ Oh ! that my stream could like Alpheus glide
 - ‘ In secret channels underneath the sea,
 - ‘ Far would I rove beyond th’ Atlantic tide,
 - ‘ And search in distant wilds lost Liberty.
-
- ‘ Was it for this, ingrateful as you are !
 - ‘ My wave obsequious bore each swelling sail ?
 - ‘ Still was your Commerce my peculiar care,
 - ‘ And Plenty flow’d in ev’ry passing gale.

* This Gentleman is fond of seeing public Executions : When the frantic Damien was tortured to death at the Greve in Paris, he attended on the scaffold, where the subordinate Executioners of the several Towns were in waiting on the awful occasion : When the principal Executioner arrived, he paid his compliments to his inferiors, addressing, in French, *Monsieur, de Bourdeaux, Monsieur de Marseilles, &c. &c.* and turning to our hero, with a profound reverence, exclaim’d, *Eh ! Monsieur de Tyboorn.* The person who introduced Mr. S--lw--n, undeceived him, by saying, *Monsieur n’est pas artiste, seulement amateur.*

Once

- ‘ Once, when the haughty * DANE with frenzy fir’d,
- ‘ Led to VIGORNIA’s walls his slaught’ring band,
- ‘ To me you fled, and in an Isle retir’d,
- ‘ Brav’d the relentless Tyrant’s vain command.

- ‘ Pleas’d with the flame that in your bosoms glow’d,
- ‘ (Though urg’d by threat’ning Fate and War’s alarms,)
- ‘ My ready aid I on the brave bestow’d,
- ‘ And round your mansion threw my wat’ry arms.

- ‘ Sacred to FREEDOM may that Isle remain,
- ‘ And oh! to JUSTICE be it sacred too;
- ‘ There may VIGORNIA send her traitor train,
- ‘ And leave to me the holy vengeance due.

* In the Reign of the Danish King Hardicnute (who had laid several impositions on his subjects in a time of great scarcity) Feodor and Torstan, the king’s collectors, were slain in a tumult at Worcester. The king sent a body of troops to revenge this outrage, and, according to his brutal orders, the city was burnt to the ground; but the inhabitants had retired to an island in the Severn, near Beverly, where they defended themselves with so much bravery, that their enemies were obliged to abandon their enterprize, and suffer them to return to their desolated city. *A. D.* 1041.

- From my full urn my torrents will I pour,
- Unflue my secret stores of wintr'y rain,
- Swol'n with the aid of many a copious show'r,
- AND SWEEP THE MONSTERS HEADLONG TO THE MAIN.'

